

Frick, Kathryne M.

In the dark, alone - Groping in the
dark - Light at last.

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IN THE DARK, ALONE

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

I AM asked often how my education was begun, but I have always refrained from answering for fear that I should not do justice to a question that involves so much. However, after careful consultation with my different teachers, I shall now endeavor to explain how the fundamental principles were laid which made it possible for me to take up a regular course of study.

Strictly speaking, my education began, not with my first cry, as educators usually say, but with my inheritance. My paternal grandparents were born in Germany, my maternal grandparents in Pennsylvania, of French and English descent. From the German stock I probably inherited an industrious nature and a love of neatness, law, and order. From the French, no doubt, I derived the lively imagination, the taste for what is artistic and choice, and the sense of propriety and economy with which my first teacher has always said I was naturally endowed.

I was born in Harrisburg, on December 2, 1899, a normal child with all my senses. I began to talk when I was one year old and to walk at sixteen months. My speech was con-

sidered very good for my age, but, in spite of the fact that my fond parents and grandparents regarded me as a prodigy, I gained no concept of the meaning of numbers, printed words, or letters.

If I had only learned something of this, half of my first teacher's earliest struggles with me would have been unnecessary. I loved picture books, and my parents told me about the pictures and read to me, but I did not know that the funny-looking lines called print meant anything of importance.

During the summer of 1905, a few months after my fifth birthday, my parents and I visited for one week my mother's cousin in Atlantic City. While there I spent most of the time playing on the beach, in the strong rays of the sun reflected from the water and sand.

I had never been accustomed to the glare of city pavements, but to green trees and fields, and the white light of the water and sand affected my eyes and entire nervous system to such an extent that after my return home my sight began to fail. I became deaf, too, and gradually lost the power to walk and to talk. All this happened in a short period of time, and no amount of medical skill or care of devoted

parents could restore my sight or hearing.¹

It is interesting that when I realized I could not see I recalled having noticed blind people on the streets, begging. I always loved pretty things, especially clothes, and when I thought of these shabby blind people I feared that I should become like them, so I made Mother promise me that she would always dress me nicely. She kept that promise faithfully. The sacrifice in time and effort that it has cost her I only now realize.

Before I lost the ability to talk I told Mother that I could not hear her voice; but I would put my hand on her chin as I asked her what I wanted to know and she would shake her head 'Yes' or 'No' in answer. In this way we got along fairly well until the power of expressing myself by speech left me.

After two years of helplessness, I regained the power to walk, but continued to dwell in darkness and silence. My memory of many things had slipped from me, especially the knowledge I had gained through hearing. It was like beginning life anew in a strange sightless and soundless world. Of the two, deafness was the greater educational handicap; for it is deafness and not blindness that blocks the intellectual growth of the

child, making him restless, unmanageable, and eager to do some mischief whereby he may receive attention, to break the monotony of his existence.

My parents undertook nobly the task of trying to keep my mind active, of helping me to retain old and establish new contacts with the outside world. They did their best to make me understand by gestures and by such signs as they could invent. I would place my hands on Father's or Mother's face to see whether he or she was pleased with anything I did. After I was able to walk again, I rummaged through everything, leading Mother quite a dance. However, she bore it all very patiently, buoyed up by the fact that I was getting stronger. Because I had regained the use of my limbs, she hoped against hope that in time I should regain my sight and my hearing, though physicians did not hold out any encouragement.

Mother allowed me to touch everything, while Father invented signs to enable me to talk with him. One sign he made by drawing his finger around my wrist to indicate his brother Charles, of whom I was very fond, and who had given me a bracelet. When my parents would give me something and then draw a ring around my wrist, I understood that it was from Uncle Charlie. Whenever Father drew the ring, touched me, and then waved his hand while I held it, I understood that we were going to Uncle Charlie's house, and would run to Mother, draw my finger around my wrist, touch my dress, wave my hand toward the front door, and try to say 'Papa' and 'Uncle Charlie.' This meant that I wanted to be dressed to go to Uncle Charlie's.

Mother always insisted on my talking to her, whether the sounds I made meant anything or not. She hoped that if I kept on trying to speak my

¹ Dr. Elbert A. Gruver, Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, Mount Airy, Pennsylvania, and Miss Julia A. Foley, Kathryn's first teacher, with whom we are in correspondence, assure us that Kathryn's account of the results of her illness are correct. Miss Foley writes: 'There is no record of the exact cause of the illness that deprived Kathryn of her sight, hearing, and memory of speech and language. What Kathryn has written about the cause of her blindness and deafness she obtained from a quotation of the late Dr. Crouter, who was superintendent of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf while Kathryn was a pupil there, the quotation having been recorded in my notes.' — EDITOR

speech would come back to me. Father took a larger view of life than Mother, while she paid more attention to little things. This seems to me now to have been a good combination to help me overcome my handicap.

Another of Father's signs was to take both of my hands and hold them parallel, palms inward, make a circular motion with them, and then wave one hand toward the street. I understood by this that we were going somewhere in the train, and would be delighted. I would wave my hand two or three times to ask how far we were going. If not far, Father would take my hand and wave it only once. Otherwise he would wave several times, according to the distance.

I am curious to know how my mind received those impressions. Did I see imaginary pictures? I recall that when my father waved my hand several times I could see, in imagination, the train stop at one station and then at another, and so on until we came to the end of the journey. Having satisfied myself as to the distance we were going, I would proceed to ask where we were bound — or rather, 'Whom shall we see when we get out of the train?' I thought of the act of getting out and meeting someone who would hug and kiss me. I would get something that had been given to me by somebody who lived far away and show it to my parents, waving my hand toward the street, then put my hand on Father's or Mother's face. If we were going to the place from which that article came, he or she would nod 'Yes.' If to some other place, they would try to find something that came from that place and let me touch it.

We used a few other signs. The act of putting on a pointed belt stood for Grandma Frick, because she generally wore a belt that was pointed in the front. Touching the lobe of the ear

with the thumb and forefinger indicated my maternal grandmother, for she wore earrings.

It is considered the correct thing in educational circles to despise signs. 'No normal person uses them and few understand them.' I can only say, in their favor, that such crude attempts at communication not only kept me out of mischief, but also kept my mind alert and active. I loved action, new things, and being among people.

II

I am an only child, but I had a few playmates, near and dear neighbors of ours. My fox terrier, Bessie, was another playmate. I used to make Bessie sit in my little armchair at my dolls' table and pretend to be having tea with my dolls and me. Of course I could not see them, but by feeling I could imagine how they looked, and I loved them.

My parents, recognizing my right to participation in human affairs, took me out as much as possible and told me about as many things as they could. Naturally they must have suffered greatly when people stared at me, but they braved it all for my sake.

Meanwhile, I was growing to be of school age, with no school to attend. The institutions for the blind would not take me on account of my deafness, for they had no teachers who knew how to reach the mind of an uneducated deaf child. The schools for the deaf would not take me either, because I could not be taught with deaf children who could see. My parents did not know which way to turn. All they could do was to care for me and amuse me as well as they knew how, although my mother tried to keep me profitably occupied.

In spite of all her efforts, I grew

more and more restless every day. I wanted to hear and to see; I wanted to go to school like other children. I used to sit on the steps of our porch while the children were passing on their way to school. They would stop to touch me, and when I discovered they were carrying books I knew where they were going. I had no idea of what they did at school, except what Father had tried to tell me by putting a pencil in my hand and pretending to write on a paper. It meant making pictures to me. I thought it would be great fun to go to school and draw pictures all day, with no one to tell me to stop or to take the pencil from me.

Every morning Mother left the back gate open for the iceman, and I managed to keep near her in order that I might know when she went to open it. Then, when I thought she was too busy in the house to notice what I was doing, I would dart out through the open gate and run around to the front street to find some of the school children. I thought I could run away to school with them, but I never succeeded in going far, for Mother was always on guard.

When I found it was impossible to elude or hoodwink my mother, I decided to be as troublesome as I could, so that she would have to let me go to school if she desired any peace. I would often leave the table before I had finished my meal and go into the sitting room and pound on the piano keys. I knew that my mother could not stand noise, as I had already ruined her nerves. When she took me away from the piano, I would invent a thousand or more ways to annoy her. All the time I loved her dearly, and I knew that she loved me. In fact, I knew that my parents would love me no matter what I did; so I would push and pull, bite and kick, with the desire

to receive attention and to keep in action.

It is plain that my brain was active; I could think and reason to a certain extent like a normal child. My mind craved food, and those spells of mischief were executed in a state of nervousness bordering on madness. Somehow I knew that one should always be polite, not only in public, but in the privacy of one's family; but just the same I would stir up a fuss at any time and place, because my poor little mind craved excitement and even a whipping was more endurable than that monotonous calmness.

Finally the Honorable Edwin S. Stuart, who was then Governor of Pennsylvania, heard about my handicap and the lack of educational provision for the blind-deaf. Through his kindness, largely, the matter of my schooling was brought before the Legislature when officials of the Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf made it known that a special teacher would be necessary for me. After the Committee on Appropriations in Harrisburg had seen me and considered my plight, they kindly appropriated funds for my education.

Then the serious problem of securing a teacher for me confronted the superintendent of the Institution. Where was he to get a teacher who knew how and who would be willing to undertake the problem of preparing a deaf and blind child to take up school work? Many teachers knew how to teach the blind, and as many others how to teach the deaf, but among the teachers in the Institution only one, Miss Julia A. Foley, had had experience in instructing the deaf-blind. Miss Foley herself is deaf. She was chosen by the board of directors and the superintendent to undertake the difficult task of instructing me.

Therefore, on June 2, 1909, Miss

Foley — whom I always speak of as 'my teacher,' although I had several other teachers later — came to Harrisburg to observe me in my own home preparatory to taking me to school. After she had been only half an hour in our house she announced that she would take me with her to Philadelphia that day. I often pondered over her refusal to stay overnight; I feared that she thought my house was not good enough for her to stay in. So one day long afterward I confided my fears to her. She stilled them at once by telling me that when she saw how rejoiced I was at the prospect of going to school, knowing that it is not in the power of a child to keep at a high tension long, she decided to take me that day. Then, too, though my mother was trying to be cheerful, it was plain that the grief over the parting with me would be greater if the parting were prolonged.

In the few minutes while Mother was placing luncheon on the table, my alert, experienced teacher took in everything, and was no doubt already laying in her mind a foundation on which to base her teaching method. She has told me since that the first thing that attracted her attention on entering my home was the cleanness and neatness of everything, my mother and myself included. The following statement from her notes about me indicates the educational significance of her observation: 'There is one point with which I shall not have to battle: Kathryne is and will continue to be neat and clean in her habits.'

Then she observed that I was friendly with my parents and not afraid to approach them, as many poor deaf children are whose parents make little or no attempt to communicate with them and who slap and punish them when they get into mischief.

While we were at luncheon she remarked to my parents that I had good table manners, a rare accomplishment in young deaf children. She has since told me that when she made the remark my mother looked at my father and he smiled. She immediately understood that there were times when I, like other children, flung all rules and regulations aside, even at mealtimes. Her notes on the subject say: 'Since the child knows that there is some merit in behaving properly in company, she has pride, on which I can work.'

III

Miss Foley asked my parents many questions and observed closely how they communicated with me. After luncheon there was much hustle and bustle. They telephoned to Uncle Charlie and he came very soon, bringing a brand-new trunk for me. How happy I was, fussing around the trunk and touching everything Mother packed into it, to make sure that all my pretty dresses were there and that not one of my toilet articles was forgotten. Our family doctor came to say good-bye to me and to assure my teacher that I was in good health.

At last we started for the train. At the station I clung to my mother and felt her eyes to see if she was weeping. I was sorry for her and tried to comfort her by keeping my arms around her while we were waiting for the train, but I was glad when I found tears rolling down her cheeks, because I wanted to feel that she loved me and was very sorry to part with me.

After many hugs and kisses I was taken by Father through the gate and put on the train for Philadelphia with my teacher. I asked my father if he would miss me, touching him with one finger and then holding it up in

front of him and then rubbing my eyes. In reply he nodded his head and rubbed his eyes. I laughed and rejoiced on being assured that my parents would miss me. I never thought then about how I should feel when I missed them.

I took the seat near the window, because with one eye I could see dark shadows moving in the sunlight on the platform before the train started. I felt the air moving around me as people entered and took their seats. Though I knew very well that I was in some way detached, yet I could derive pleasure from the knowledge that many people were riding to the same place to which I was going. I sat up very straight, trying to be a polite, sociable little lady. Father had explained to me that there would be many stops before we reached the Institution, so I was prepared for a long trip. Mother had given us a delicious lunch; I knew what was in each sandwich, because I had stood close by her as she packed it. After the train passed Lancaster I decided it was time to eat. My teacher has told me since that I served her first each time, giving her a chicken sandwich, then one of cheese, and leaving the cake and fruit until last.

After we had finished our sandwiches, I folded my arms, rested them on the window sill, and dropped my head on them. I wore a hat with a large brim and my teacher wanted me to take it off, but I would not, although it was in my way and made me uncomfortable. I was surprised at her. Had she no manners? Did she not know that a lady-girl should not take off her hat in public like a boy? The best I could do then was to point the forefinger of my left hand at her and rub my right forefinger over it in a vigorous manner toward her. Later, when I was able to communicate with

her freely, I explained the real reason for my seeming disobedience in the train. How she laughed when I said I thought it disgraceful to ride in the train without a hat, and that she had no right to class me with poor street urchins!

I had my nap, in spite of the big hat. Afterward I was ready to chat in my own way and was pleased to find that my teacher could understand my crude signs. I asked her how much farther we had to go. She held my hands in front of me about one foot apart and then waved one of my hands in the act of saying farewell to the train. Then I asked if we should go directly from the train to the Institution. She shook her head, held up two fingers for me to touch, and then went through Father's signs for going on a train and the action of carrying a bag, placed my hands on her knees and indicated the action of going upstairs, held up one finger again and made the sign of the train. All this told me that we should leave the train in a little while and then take another. I held out my hands far apart to ask if we had to go far in the next train, and was delighted when she held them less than a foot apart.

After arriving at Broad Street Station in Philadelphia, we took a Chestnut Hill train. When only one station from Allen Lane, my teacher held up one finger and then picked up my bag. I knew immediately that the next stop was ours. I put her hands on my knees, moved my knees up and down, and put one foot before the other to ask if we should walk after we got off the train. I placed my hand on her chin and she nodded her head to signify 'Yes,' and showed me by signs that it was only a short distance from the station to the Institution for the Deaf—or 'write-book-house,' as I understood it then in gestures.

IV

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when we arrived at the Institution. The matron received us very kindly, led us to the officers' dining room in the basement of Wissinoming Hall, and gave us a fine supper. There was no one in the dining room except my teacher and myself. I wanted to know why. My teacher led me around the table to let me feel the chairs, at the same time letting me put my hands on the table to feel that there was a napkin in front of each chair, but no plate. I understood that the others had finished their supper. I shall never forget my delight on seeing the electric lights that were up near the ceiling in the dining room. Before I entered the Institution, I could see very light objects on a dark background — the moon outlined against the dark sky, for instance, and the outline of the sun when it was low in the west and the sky around it was rather dark. The lights near the ceiling were so bright that I thought the Institution was already helping my sight.

A short time after supper I was led to the matron's room, where I proceeded to get ready for bed. The matron was surprised to see how I could undress myself and make my toilet for the night. My Argus-eyed teacher stayed with me all the while, taking mental note of everything I did.

In her journal she says: 'Kathryne undressed, hung her clothes on the back of a chair, put on her bedroom slippers, gave her stockings a good shake, and hung them on a lower rung of the chair. When I asked her by actions why she did not put her stockings on top of her clothes, she said in gestures and actions that stockings get dusty when worn; they are near the dusty floor and ground, and she did

not want to put them near her other clothes.'

My teacher kept asking me about everything I did. That is her way of developing the power of expression in her pupils and testing their reasoning ability. She always tries to find out whether a child does things from mere imitation and force of habit, or if the child has any idea that there is or should be a reason for everything he or she does.

That first night at the Institution I slept in the matron's bed, because she wanted to see what manner of child I was and how much care I should need before she selected a supervisor who would take charge of me when my teacher was not with me. The bed was large and I thought that the matron would occupy it too, so I tried to find the centre of it before I got in. My teacher and the matron were greatly amused to see me trying to find a seam in the middle of the sheet, for there was none. Then it occurred to me to move a rocker that was near the foot of the bed and to walk the width of the bed. In this way I got a fairly good idea of its size.

Next I took off my hair ribbons, folded them carefully, put them on the bureau beside my comb and brush, tied my hair with my night ribbons, washed my face and hands, kissed everyone in the room good-night, dropped on my knees by the side of the bed for a minute, and then hopped into bed. I moved as near the wall as possible in order to give the matron plenty of room. I was tired, but contented, and was soon asleep. I was surprised on awakening the next morning to find that no one had slept in the bed with me.

I am writing all this to show that, although I had lost my sight and hearing and the power to talk, I could still think and reason. Many persons have

said that there is no thought without language. I was over nine years of age and without language, but I could think and reason about matters involving no verbal memories probably as well as the average educated child. My parents never for a moment doubted my ability to reason, and my teacher knew from experience that spoken or written language is not necessary for clear thinking and mental development, although a great aid in abstract thought.

My teacher did not make any fuss when I made signs and gestured to her, although her teacher friends kept warning her against the danger of this. All my signs, actions, and gestures showed her the mental state of my mind, and opened the quickest way to introduce me to written and manually spelled words.

The next morning I washed and dressed myself. Someone braided my hair, tied on my hair ribbons, and buttoned my dress and apron. I refused to put on the dress I had worn from home, showing the matron that I had in my bag a morning dress.

This incident must have been communicated to my teacher, because her notes say: 'Kathryne showed by preparation for bed and by the method followed in the making of her morning toilet that she has received careful home training, also that she is affectionate and unselfish, a rare trait in a small, deaf child.'

My breakfast was served in the matron's sitting room, and I was told to stay there until my teacher should arrive at 7.45. Everyone was busy and I waited alone. It was then that a great rush of homesickness came over me and I wept a bit.

As soon as my teacher arrived she took me around, allowing me to touch and examine everything within reach.

For a few days I had no schoolroom and she stayed with me until five o'clock, showing me how to observe by touching everything, while she kept near, noting all I attempted to say and do.

The grass in front of Wissinoming Hall was high, and there were daisies and clover blossoms there. My teacher let me walk about and pick the flowers. I discovered that there were no stones or fences over which I might fall, and therefore decided it would be safe for me to run around alone. I loved to run, and did not like to be led. So I tried to get away from my teacher, but she was careful not to let me go far from her.

Then I made a plan to fool my teacher. I pointed away off and pushed her a little, which told her that there were flowers over there that I wanted; then I patted the ground on which I stood to tell her I would stay where I was while she picked the flowers for me. I thought she would see that it would be better for one of us to go for the flowers instead of both, since less of the grass would be trampled down. One of my uncles was a farmer; I used to visit his place and had learned there that tall grass should not be trampled down, because it was wanted for hay. I tried to be very polite about it, because even at that early age I knew that nice manners are a power and can be used to deceive.

I could tell by the flash of sunlight reflected from the white dress which my teacher was wearing that she had fallen into my trap and had moved away to get the flowers, and when I could no longer see the flash of light I felt sure she was at a distance. I knew that she was a good-sized woman, and, since she wore a pointed belt like my grandma's, I took it for granted that she was not young or overactive. My mother was slender and often ran

after me when I slipped out of the back gate and ran away, but here, in front of this big, big house where many gentlemen and ladies were, I thought that my teacher would not dare to run like a boy. So I darted away in the opposite direction.

I had not gone far before I felt her grasp my apron and try to hold me. Since the day was hot, I thought I could outrun her, so I jerked away and ran faster. Oh, what a good time I had! I thought I should find her puffing, with perspiration rolling down her face, and felt it would serve her right because she would not let me run around alone. (I did not know then that she taught physical culture in the evenings and that she enjoyed running almost as much as I did.) It was not long before she caught me and held me fast. She put my hand on her chin and shook her head vigorously, to tell me in a most emphatic way that I must not run away. I knew that already, but I tried to look as if I had not done anything wrong.

Then my teacher led me to the pond that is at the foot of the hill in front of Wissinoming Hall. She dipped my hand into the water and gave me a stick to hold in the water while I walked around the pond, to give me an idea of its size. Then by gestures she showed me how I should have fallen into the pond and how the water would have covered my head had I run much farther.

I took warning then and there, and never again attempted to run away from her when we were anywhere near the pond.

That afternoon I refused to leave the daisies and clover blooms, and when five o'clock came and my teacher wanted to go home I cried and screamed and she had to half-drag me up the hill to the main entrance to Wissinoming Hall.

V

The next few days passed pretty much as the first, except that on the second day Miss Weston, a reporter, came to see me while I was in my first fit of real anger after arriving at the Institution.

Uncle Charlie had given me a box of candy, and I had left it in the matron's room the day before, since my mother would not allow me to eat candy in the morning. As we did not go to the matron's room again until bedtime, I was without candy all day. On the morning of the second day I wanted to take the box of candy with me, but the matron, evidently fearing that I should eat too much, allowed me to take only a few pieces, which I carried in my hand. After we reached the girls' sitting room, my teacher gave me an envelope in which to put my candy. She wanted me to put the envelope on the window sill by my chair, but I would not, because there were many girls in the room, and I had had experience with my little cousins.

After a while the girls went to school and my teacher took me around to show me that there was no one in the room except ourselves. Then I was willing to put the candy on the window sill. My teacher had a box with one-inch cubes and large wooden beads in it, all mixed up. She had another box which was empty, and she showed me how to put the cubes in an even row in the empty box. The wooden beads were in my way, so she gave me a shoe string to string them on, but I had a sore finger and could not hold the string very well. My teacher took me upstairs and down, from one room to another, until she found someone who gave her a long bodkin, or tape needle. Then we did some more hustling around until she obtained a long piece of string.

When we returned to the sitting room, I found that my candy was still safe. Therefore I turned my whole attention to helping my teacher straighten out that mix-up in the box. I was greatly pleased with the task, for I thought I was making myself useful; I had no idea that I was doing school work. I thought she was some sort of 'fussy mixy-up' person not at all like my mother. She did not know where the needles or strings were kept, and she was a borrower, too. I tried to tell her in signs that my mother always knew where to find things, which was my way of saying, 'One should have a place for everything and keep everything in its place.' She seemed to understand me and was not offended, but on the contrary seemed much amused. She did not seem to care whether I thought my mother superior to her or not. I wished she were more like my mother, who had a wonderful appreciation of time value, because even then I saw no use in wasting time looking for things. I wanted to do everything in the shortest possible time, and I hoped that my teacher would learn something from me. I did not know until long afterward that by taking me all over the house, and having me run my fingers over everything we passed, she was training my memory of place and form in order that later I might find it easier to remember how words should be formed and where a word should be placed in a sentence.

However, the doings of this teacher were certainly strange to me at that time, especially the way she kept wiggling her fingers in the palm of my hand. The only thing that kept me from biting her hand was curiosity as to what she would do next, or the hope that the wiggling would lead to something interesting. She kept it up, repeating the performance every time

we touched a new object. I was making up my mind to tell my parents, Uncle Charlie, and Grandma Frick all about the queer meaningless way she insisted upon wiggling her fingers. I knew they would talk to her, and I should be glad to feel them shake their heads at her. My love for my people made them, to me, very superior to others, and a frown from any of them I thought a sufficient punishment for any foolishness whatsoever.

In spite of all my misgivings about my teacher, however, I liked to be near her, as she could make me understand and talk to me as no one else could. Then, too, she understood me. What it is to be able to understand and to be understood only the deaf can truly know.

While thoughts like these kept flitting through my poor little undeveloped mind, my teacher threaded the bodkin with the string she had procured, and I proceeded to string the beads and put the cubes in order in the box. While I was thus occupied, a boy of about my own age came into the room and stood looking at me. I did not know he was there until he touched me. Then I felt for my candy and drew it near me. After a while I put my hand out and found that he was not around. Then I put my mind on my work and thought no more of the candy until I felt what I thought were steps in the room. Then I reached for my candy, but to my horror it was gone. I felt around over the window sill and on the floor near the window, but there was no trace of it. Since the boy apparently had gone, I felt that no one except my teacher could have taken the candy. This was to me the greatest of offenses. So, without ceremony, I seized her hand and bit it to the bone, kicking her at the same time on the shins. She pushed my head away from her hand, took both my hands in

hers, placed one on each of her cheeks and shook her head vigorously, while she stamped her foot repeatedly on the floor to show me that I must not bite or kick.

I accused her of having eaten my candy. This she denied by repeating the above performances slowly and solemnly. This impressed me greatly; still, I screamed at the top of my voice and showed her by holding my hands out and waving them around that there was no one to take the candy except her. I did not know that the guilty boy was standing away off near the back door of the girls' sitting room, peeping in at us. She called to him to come to me, to show that he was still in the room, for she did not want me to think that she was capable of such an offense. Instead, he ran downstairs and out into the yard. Fearing to leave me alone, my teacher did not follow him.

While I was still screaming and she was tying her handkerchief around her wounded hand, the superintendent entered the room with a camera man and Miss Weston, a reporter. I knew by the way my teacher stood up that she was going to greet visitors. Then, in a flash, some inborn pride or vanity came to my rescue, urging me to dry my eyes and put on company manners. When I discovered that it was the superintendent, I certainly tried to look innocent of any wrongdoing, for I knew perfectly well that, though my teacher might have eaten my candy, I was not justified in biting her hand. I had met the superintendent the day before and imagined that he was the father of the big house, and the matron the mother. I had no idea how a school was managed, especially such a large one. I knew that everybody should obey the father and mother of the house in which he lives. I knew also that when children went to school

there was a mother (teacher) whom parents insisted that their children should obey.

A few minutes elapsed while the superintendent and my teacher explained to the reporter something of the problem that confronted them in starting me on the road to learning. To me those minutes were hours, for I feared my teacher would show her injured hand. When we went into the yard I insisted upon walking with the reporter, to show my teacher that I wanted to shun her for taking my candy.

I recall distinctly my impressions at the time. I had in some way learned at home that it was wrong to take without permission what did not belong to one, and I imagined that, although a child might commit such an offense and be pardoned, a grown-up person never could.

On our way to the yard a cat rubbed against me. I grabbed it and held it in my arms while my picture was being taken. In my joy at having the cat and being near a newspaper person, I forgot about my candy for the time being. I just idolized anyone who had anything to do with a newspaper, because my father was connected in some way with one in Harrisburg, and I knew that he got money from the newspaper office and that the money he got bought us food and many other nice things.

I knew Miss Weston was a reporter because Miss Foley took my hand and had me touch Miss Weston, then touch a newspaper. Next she went through the action of writing, and touched the newspaper again. I was already familiar with the sign 'write men' (reporters), as they had flocked to my home as soon as it was given out that the state had passed a bill to provide for my education and that Governor Stuart had signed the bill. I thought

that anyone connected with a newspaper was surely my father's friend. I did not know that there were many different newspapers, or that the world was such a large place. Harrisburg was my world and Philadelphia another world, though I firmly believed that the latter was not half so important as Harrisburg; but of course it could be

endured if one wanted to go to school like other children, as I did.

When we returned to the sitting room after my picture had been taken, I began to worry again about my candy. Then my teacher showed me how the boy had hidden behind my chair and had taken my candy and run away with it.

(To be continued)

CENSORING THE CONDUCT OF COLLEGE WOMEN

BY MABEL BARBEE LEE

I

THE novelty of educating women has not yet worn off in spite of the fact that many of our mothers and some of our grandmothers have received college degrees. The question of their mental capacity is no longer one of debate, for they have settled that by their high scholastic records; but their ability to take social initiative for themselves is still one of the burning topics of the day.

Twenty-five years ago the problems of social conduct in women's colleges and in coeducational institutions were comparatively simple. The authority of the church and home was accepted without dispute by the majority of students; and the campus was a continuation of the family environment. Deans and deans of women were regarded, for better or for worse, as parental substitutes. Their judgment as to what nice young women did and did not do was final; and their power to discipline the transgressors of tradition

and good taste was supreme. Those were the days when too few petticoats and too many false hair puffs became momentous issues, and the girl who lifted her skirts above her shoe tops and flashed a cerise dust ruffle became the object of grave academic concern. No lady would have smoked a cigarette in public, or thought of going to a party where there was drinking. The chaperon was accepted as a part of the divine order of things, and one seldom forgot to greet her at the beginning or to bid her good-night at the end of a dance. Not even in the privacy of her bedroom were a girl's thoughts allowed to stray, for the walls were hung with 'creeds' and 'symphonies' and mottoes reminding her to be noble, loyal, and true. It was the age of stereotyped goodness.

Sometime in the nineties the idea of student government began to take root in the larger colleges where women were being educated. Whether it originated as a result of student agitation or of faculty prescience one can-

GROPING IN THE DARK¹

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

I REMEMBER that it was the day after the candy episode that my teacher took me to Morris Hall, the Industrial Department of the Institution. There a man showed her several empty boxes of different sizes and shapes, such as my Uncle Charlie used to throw in a heap near his store and let ragged boys carry away for firewood. She selected a box, tucked it under her arm, and led me to the matron's office in Wissinoming Hall. In a big closet we found some denim, upholstery hair, a hammer, and brass tacks. Using the hair for padding, my teacher fitted the denim over the box and tacked it down a little. Then she put the hammer into my hand to show me how to tack the denim in place, but I refused, because I thought it was a boy's work. Had she not already mortified me enough by carrying an old wooden box unwrapped under her arm all the way from the Industrial Department? I thought the drive-ways leading from one department to another were streets and that the Industrial Department was a store. I imagined that many people must have seen us on the street without hats or gloves — my teacher carrying a box under one arm while she wiggled her fingers in my hand! I wondered if people put their hands over their lips and smiled at us.

After my teacher had finished cover-

ing the box, she procured some old envelopes from the superintendent's secretary and a belt pin from the matron; then, placing the envelopes on top of the cushioned box, she proceeded to stick the pin into the paper, showing me how I could feel each prick on the underside. At first I was interested, but as the proceeding did not mean anything to me, and I had no idea that it was leading to something more important, I soon grew impatient. I reasoned that what one did at my home had some purpose or meaning. If Mother set the table it was because we needed the dishes to eat from; if she swept the floor or washed and ironed, the reason was equally apparent. But sticking a pin into a paper was meaningless to me, and if I had had any language then I should have said, 'What nonsense! Why not get busy and do something? This is not even play.'

On Friday, June 4, I was taken to Wingohocking Hall by my teacher, who left me in the care of the assistant matron and departed for her home. Since the next day was Saturday there was no school, but my teacher came to see if I was pleased with my new abode. She found me installed in a big bedroom which I shared with my supervisor. We each had our own bed, bureau, washstand, and closet. My teacher spent the forenoon with me, watching me take my belongings out of my bag and arrange them unaided. She and my supervisor were amused to see how carefully I arranged everything. My teacher kept asking why I

¹This authentic record of Kathryn Frick's triumph over blindness, deafness, and loss of speech began in the April *Atlantic*. — EDITOR

the playwright dared not be absolutely phonographic in this instance, why not be content with a genuinely realistic treatment that would suggest the atmosphere, indicate the nature of the dialogue, without going out of his way to insult the religious sensibilities of many possible playgoers and the good taste of as many more?

Dickens gave as realistic pictures of vice as our modern young men. *What Price Glory?* set the pace, and since then the stage and many novels have reeked with profanity, which, bad though it may be, yet wholly fails to be a phonographic record of actual conversation. Art must ever be selective, and simply to shock is not to achieve an artistic effect. Sometimes, one suspects, the writer is more concerned to shock than to be artistic. And yet, what now can shock us?

I have supp'd full with horrors;
Direness, familiar to my slaughterous thoughts,
Cannot once start me.

Since we do welcome the frankness of the present time as on the whole something better than the hypocritical reticence and culpable ignorance of a generation ago, perhaps we may hope that Pseudo-Realism is a temporary phenomenon, a by-product of what in the long run will prove a definite social gain. But the way to bring it about that Pseudo-Realism shall be only a temporary phenomenon certainly does not lie in any sort of censorship. All censorships that have been tried have proved stupid, prejudiced, unjust, and in the end futile. They violate personal liberties that are perhaps worth maintaining at the cost of bad manners, at

the cost even of a little more promiscuous immorality. Nor does the remedy lie with the Church, except indirectly. The Roman Church has an Index of Prohibited Books, and it is not likely that one Roman Catholic in a thousand knows what books are on the Index. The Protestant habit, often indulged, of denouncing individual books from the pulpit but gives them a gratuitous advertisement. The Church can do no more than attempt to train its adherents in the principles of Christian morality, which should lead them to avoid immoral books or to find them distasteful if read.

But there are other agencies in the community besides the State and the Church. It is a disheartening spectacle to see great publishing houses, some with splendid traditions of long service to culture, pandering to the worst tastes of the day. It is disheartening to observe the critics, those self-appointed guides to the best in literature and art, pointing out the works of these unrestrained, undisciplined Pseudo-Realists as the fine flower of youthful genius. We can at least hope that reputable publishers will print only reputable books. We can at least expect that critics will not mislead the public into imagining that specimens of sheer pornography are works of art.

This protest is not so much against the fact that many of these novels and plays are immoral, as that they are untrue to reality. For, by fastening upon the crude details of the themes they depict, instead of presenting a picture of reality they give us a meretricious appearance of reality, so that their effect is not only morally but artistically bad.

put this here and that there. Her notes show some of my answers:—

Saturday, June 5.—Kathryne is in Wingohocking Hall now, and is delighted with her bedroom. All her belongings were sent to her this morning and she at once, without being told, proceeded, after she had been shown which articles in the room were for her use, to put everything away in a neat and orderly manner: her towels and washcloth on the towel rack; her soap in the soap dish; her toothbrush in the mug on the washstand beside her tooth powder; her night ribbons, clean towels, and washcloths in the washstand drawer; her best shoes and bedroom slippers in the washstand closet; her hair ribbons, ties, beads, bracelets, pins, handkerchiefs, and other trinkets in the top drawer of her bureau; her morning dresses and aprons in the next drawer; her afternoon dresses in the next lower, and her underclothes in the bottom drawer.

I asked her why she had placed them in that order and she replied in gestures that all the things in the top drawer were needed often; that the dresses and aprons in the next lower drawer were not important and that the dust made by opening and closing the top drawer often would not hurt them; that her good dresses and skirts were placed in the next drawer because she wanted to keep them very nice; and that her underclothes were placed in the bottom drawer because they did not stay in the drawer long enough at a time to get dusty. When arranging the top of the bureau, she put her hairbrush on it. I asked her why she did not put her toothbrush on the bureau, too. She put her hand over her mouth in a mocking way, and for a half-minute smiled and wiggled, then led me by the hand to the washstand to show me that the brush was of no use without water. To be sure that I understood, she had me touch the water pitcher. Then I offered to put the soap dish on the bureau. This was too much for her and she ran laughing to her supervisor with her hand over her mouth, while pointing a finger at me.

On Monday, my teacher took me to the room that had been assigned to us

by the superintendent. It contained a long, low table and several chairs, and the stuffed box, the belt pin, and the old envelopes had preceded us, as well as the now familiar box of cubes and beads in their original mix-up. We seated ourselves at the table and bowed our heads in prayer for a minute. Then my teacher proceeded to show me how to draw lines on stiff paper, putting the paper on the stuffed box and drawing a line on it with an orange-wood stick, which I thought was a pencil. When the paper was turned over I could feel the lines. At first she drew long horizontal lines, then short ones.

I thought this was another queer streak of hers, and, taking the stick from her, I undertook to show her that no one wrote her way. I moved it up and down as I had felt people's hands moving when they were writing. Then, thinking I had done something very sensible, I turned the paper over, felt my writing; and, glowing over it, showed it to my teacher. She in turn felt my writing, then touched her eyes and head with my hand, at the same time shaking her head. This told me that neither her eyes nor her brain could make anything out of my scribbling. I was crestfallen for the moment, but she quickly seized the pedagogical opportunity thus offered and, placing the stick in my hand, guided my hand up and down on the paper. After examining what we had scribbled, she placed my fingers on her lips and the side of her nose, while she said 'Mama' as Father did when he said 'Mama' to me. We did not write 'Mama,' but 'mam,' because I objected to beginning at the right-hand side of the paper, and 'mam' in large Roman letters can be read backward and forward without changing the word. I was delighted, and we practised this for a long time.

Then my teacher showed me how I could write 'mam' unaided. To do this

she placed my middle finger and forefinger close together on the paper and ran the pencil around the tips to form 'M.' Then a little to the right she placed only the forefinger on the paper and drew a line around the tip, forming a sort of arch. Across this arch she drew a line, and told me that I had written 'A.' Then I repeated the 'M,' completing the word.

Still I had no idea about the use of letters and written words. I soon tired of trying to write 'mam' alone and stopped work. My teacher did not seem to mind, which set me wondering. Long afterward she told me that she never wanted me to work at anything when I found it tiresome, and that as soon as I was weary of doing anything she would change my work.

Putting aside the orange-wood stick, paper, and box, my teacher led me around the room, showing me different objects and touching me under the chin, which meant that I was to try to say the names of the things that I touched. This I could not do. Nevertheless, a short time every day was given to similar attempts. The object was to help me to recall, if I could, any spoken words I had known before I lost my speech. (My parents had already succeeded in helping me to recall the names of some of our relatives, though only a few could understand me.) Meanwhile my teacher kept wiggling her fingers in my hand. I learned later that she was spelling slowly the names of objects to me.

Next we tackled the box of cubes and beads. I hesitated for a moment about helping her, thinking it was useless, since she would only get them in disorder again; but, understanding from her gestures that she would not take me into the yard to run until the beads and cubes were attended to, I decided I might as well hurry and have the disagreeable task over. So I worked away

and had nearly all of them on the string when Miss Bliss, the principal, came into the room. The beads were shown to her and she made much ado over my work, patting me on the head and shoulder while she nodded her head up and down in approbation. I felt proud because I had done something of which others approved.

It dawned on me that the principal had more authority than my teacher, because the principal was the mother of that house. I wondered where the father was and thought that perhaps he had gone to work. I wondered why the father in the other big house, Wissinoming Hall, did not work, but stayed at home all day. Recalling that his clothes seemed to me to be Sunday clothes, I supposed he was rich and did not have to work, but lived in the big house with the smooth marble floor in the hall like the one in the big house in Harrisburg where my father had taken me to see some men who shook hands with me and told him that they would send me away to school. I knew that the big house in Harrisburg was important, because Mother was so particular about everything when she dressed me to go there. I later learned it was the Capitol. I thought Governor Stuart was the father in that house, and I wondered where the mother was. The father in Wissinoming Hall seemed like the Governor to me, and I was proud of having spent my first week at the Institution in the house where the father did not have to work.

I have always been fond of work or action of any kind, so I am at a loss to know how I had acquired such snobbish ideas — surely not from my parents. Perhaps I had picked them up from other children before I became handicapped. Also I had not forgotten that money enables one to get almost everything desired — or, at least, all the necessities. This idea probably was

derived from the fact that my mother always had to take me with her when she went shopping and to market. My sense of smell and touch told me when things were beautiful or objectionable, and I was aware that people who were well-to-do generally had beautiful things.

Next, a big box of empty spools of all sizes and shapes was given to me, and with them two long strings to each of which was attached a bodkin. I was to put the largest spools on one string and the smallest on the other, putting only spools of one size and shape on each string and discarding all except the very large and very small spools. While I was working I was wondering if we should ever get the room in shape. I had taken a liking to my teacher when first we met, and had tried in my own mind to excuse her seeming disorderliness by thinking it was house-cleaning time. But why was she so late about it? Mother had finished house cleaning long before that. I was rejoicing over the thought that Mother was much smarter than other folks when my teacher interrupted me to say that I should be more careful in measuring the spools. I went over every spool that I had strung and found that I had made two mistakes. She told me that when I was in doubt about the size of a spool I should measure it by the first spool on the string.

All this was only one of the many steps in training my sense of touch, to enable me to take up the more exacting work of reading Braille. Few people realize the difficulties involved in teaching the blind. Many think that all that is necessary is to give the child a sheet of dotted print and in a short time he will learn to read. Such is not the case; much preliminary training of the sense of touch is required. The problem of training me was even greater than in the case of the average

blind child, for a child sightless from infancy would, on reaching the age of nine years, have already fairly well-trained finger tips, and small dots would not present the difficulties to him that they did to me when I started out on my school career.

Not knowing the object in having me do so much measuring and weighing of things in my mind, I suggested to my teacher that she place the large spools on one side of the table and the small ones on the other side, showing her what I meant by putting a few large spools on the table on the right of me and a few small ones on the left. I touched my eyes, pointed to the spools, shook my head, then touched her eyes and nodded my head, while pointing to the spools, to tell her that I could not see them and she could and that it would hurry things along if she would do as I suggested. Not knowing that 'there is no royal road to learning,' I thought she was a very useless person, but I did the best I could with the spools and won her approval.

II

Weather permitting, we worked on the schoolhouse steps or in the yard, using our schoolroom more as a storehouse and museum, for I would not allow any of my work to be discarded; I wanted to save it all to show my parents. Each day my teacher brought something new for me to do, and I always looked forward joyously to it. She made for me drawing cards which, I have since learned, she invented for the blind, and which are now in general use in kindergarten classes. She cut a square, or some other geometric figure, in a piece of cardboard, then put a sheet of paper over some blotting paper and placed the cardboard with the design cut in it over the paper. After she had fastened the three together, she

gave me a pointed orange-wood stick and showed me how to run the stick around the inner edge of the pattern cut in the cardboard. On examining the sheet of paper which had been placed between the blotting pad and the cardboard, I could feel the outline of the design. With scissors I cut along the lines I had drawn, and then pasted the design in a blank book.

There was no end to the variety of ways my teacher had to keep me busy, all of which she called kindergarten work, but many of which she invented for me. While I was at work she was never idle, although she kept an eye on me all the time and pointed out any error that I made. After I had learned how to do a new thing I was kept practising it a few minutes every day until I had become expert in its performance. Soon our programme became so full that one thing after another had to be dropped as we took up something new. While supervising my work at things that did not need much attention, my teacher would prick holes in cards. I liked to keep my hands on hers to find out what she was doing, but after I discovered that she was just making holes in cardboard with a belt pin I thought it more profitable if not more amusing to be measuring and stringing spools or sorting out blocks. I did not know that I should have to deal with these pricked cards later on, or what pleasure I should derive from them.

For over a week my teacher kept up the wiggling of her fingers in my hand — not so persistently as she had the first few days, but enough to make me rebellious. During my second week at school she showed me how the other girls wiggled their fingers to spell, but still I did not understand and would have none of it. Besides, I did not want to be like girls who walked on the street on Sunday hatless and wearing

aprons. Then, too, Mother and Father never wiggled their fingers.

You see, I had brought from home a pattern in my brain of how things should be done, and I expected everyone to conform to this pattern. My awakening came slowly, and not without many heart wrenches, for I had formed a crude little philosophy of my own, and who among us likes to have his cherished idols disturbed by something or someone whose motives he does not understand?

There were two or three girls at the Institution who were having their eyes treated and were not allowed to go to school. They spent their time walking around in the yard doing nothing. But my teacher never allowed anyone around her to remain idle long if she could possibly help it. Everyone must either work, play, read, sleep, or keep away from her. So she pressed these girls into service as soon as they came to stare at us. Calling one of them to her, she took the girl's hands in her own and had me place mine over both of theirs so that I should know what she was doing. Holding the girl's hands, she made the sign for 'box' and pushed the girl and me toward our box, which was on the doorstep a little distance away. The girl held my hand and led me to that everlasting old stuffed wooden box, which she picked up and carried to my teacher, who shook her head to show me that it was I who should have brought it. She patted the girl on the shoulder and gave me a little push, which I did not like, for I understood she was telling me that the girl was smart and I was not. When we repeated the act, I grabbed the box, hurried to my teacher, and received a well-earned pat.

After several repetitions, an orange was placed beside the box, and I was shown where both were. Then, summoning the other girls, my teacher told

us each individually, in signs, to get the orange. How we laughed when one girl brought back the box instead of the orange! Gradually other objects were placed on the doorstep near the box and I, fearing that the other girls had the advantage of me because they could see, complained. My teacher then blindfolded all of us. At last I was able to play the game with the other girls on an equal footing, and we had a glorious time.

After we had practised this game for a few days my teacher put a box and an orange on a small table in the yard, and on the box placed a card in which she had pricked a large Roman B and on the orange a similar card bearing the letter O. After I had examined the cards carefully, she took them in her hand and, standing at some distance from the table, gave me the O card and the B card and told me to place them on the orange and the box, respectively. I did not understand until the girls had gone through the act first. When I understood, my teacher stopped making signs and made O with her fingers, showing me that when she did this I was to bring her the O card. After we had a turn at this, my teacher showed me that when she held up the four fingers of her right hand with the thumb on the palm, she wanted the B card. I understood at once, and did my act so well that I was rewarded with an extra pat on the back.

Then a C card was placed on a small round cake, and afterward put with the two other cards. Since it is easy to make the letter C with the fingers and to read it, too, I was able to get C and give it to my teacher the first time she called for it, but not so with one of the other little girls. The first time she went for C she took a big bite out of the cake, pretending she could not find the card. She explained

to my teacher that she did not know the cake from the box and orange until she had tasted it. I was shocked at the girl and shamed her by rubbing one of my fingers over the other toward her. I put my hand on my teacher's face to see how she took the matter, and was surprised to find her shaking with laughter.

Soon the box, orange, and cake were removed and only the three cards were left on the table. Then my teacher called for the cards by making the letters with her fingers. We girls took turns at being teacher and made the letters with our fingers when calling for a card. In this way I was learning to read both Roman and manual letters, and also to make the letters with my fingers, the latter being called 'manual spelling.' Besides, I was beginning to see that the teacher's wiggling fingers meant something, and my attitude toward the wiggling and the box began to change.

We played this game for an hour or so every day, and at the end of three weeks, when my parents paid their first visit to the Institution, I was able to read six of the large Roman letters that were pricked on cards. I could also make the same letters with my fingers. I took great pride in showing my parents what I could do, and insisted that my father try to spell with his fingers. The result was that in the few hours he spent with me that day he learned to make several letters with his fingers. I was beside myself with joy at the thought of Father's being able to play this new game with me when I went home.

Nevertheless, I had yet to discover that by grouping the letters in certain ways words and sentences could be formed, and that by learning to read and understand these sentences a new world would be mine. Nor did my parents, at this time, know how much

skill and thought it required to bridge over the gulf that lay between the knowledge I had acquired from experience and the unknown realm of abstract knowledge. But my teacher tells me that Dr. Crouter, the superintendent, understood, and that he watched with great interest every attempt she made to enlighten me.

Some interested observers of my teacher's work, who did not foresee the results she hoped to reach, thought it was all wrong to teach me Roman letters before I took up Braille, and they did not hesitate to say so. They had met educated, sightless, hearing people who knew nothing of and had no use for Roman letters, so why waste time bothering me with them? To this my teacher tells me she made no reply, although she had a threefold purpose in mind in teaching me Roman letters. First, they served as an excellent means of training my sense of touch. Second, she wished to recall to my mind any knowledge I might have gained of printed letters before I became blind. Finally, she wished me to know the printed letters and later the written forms of letters so that I could understand people at home if they wrote on my arm or in the palm of my hand.

My teacher had confidence in her own plan, and as Dr. Crouter approved of what she was doing, she went right on with a clear conscience. She knew that to the casual observer there seemed to be simpler and decidedly easier ways of reaching me and accomplishing what was desired. For instance, why did not my teacher keep on spelling in my hand until I had awakened to the fact that a letter, no matter how made, 'is a mark or sign used to represent a sound of the human voice, or a conventional representation of one of the primary elements of speech'? The answer is in my teacher's

notes: 'Spelling and any attempt at having you read or make dotted print were already causing you to become rebellious. To prevent you from forming a dislike for school work I had to invent other and more interesting ways.'

III

My teacher kept making slight changes in the alphabet game previously described. As soon as I had learned that I should put the B card on the box and the C card on the cake, and so on, when they were handed to me, the cards were shuffled and placed in a heap on the table and my teacher called for a certain card by making a letter with her fingers. My task was to select, unaided, a card from the table bearing a letter corresponding to the one she was making with her fingers. When I became adept in playing all the games I have mentioned, the cards were put away and I was required to give my teacher immediately any article on the table when she made the letter with which the name of the article began. The girls and I had great fun playing this game until a bun was added to the collection of objects with which we were playing. Before the bun was put with the other articles, I was told that it was a B article.

When it came my turn to play and my teacher called B, I hesitated for a second, because I knew that if I gave her the wrong article I should have to stop playing until the other girls had had their turns, and as I did so love to keep on the jump I did not want to lose my play so early in the game. With this in mind, I seized the box and bun and hurried to her with them, but to my surprise she did not take them. I put my hand on her face to see what was amiss and found her lips drawn in and pressed tightly together, while not a muscle of her face moved. This was

to let me know that it was a matter for me to think out before I could expect help from her. I waited for a second or two, but she remained sphinxlike, so I put the box and bun in my left hand and, making B with my right, touched the box and bun to show her that both were B. Then I touched her and threw my right hand out with a quick movement, palm turned up, signifying that she had taught me that 'box' and 'bun' were both B; how was I to know which B article she wanted? First she nodded and made B while holding up one finger, then shook her head while holding up two fingers, to tell me that the rule of the game called for only one article at a time. Then she showed me that BU was for 'bun' and plain B was for 'box.' I got the alphabet cards I had learned and showed her that there was no U among them. She very quickly got a U card, showed it to me, and placed it with the letters that I had learned. She repeated this act every time there was a call for a new letter, until there were no more letters to add to the stack of cards.

We resumed our playing, and when she called for BU, I promptly got the bun. Soon she took her luncheon from the closet, scraped a little butter off some bread, and put it on a piece of paper, which she placed beside the bun and the box. She let me taste the butter and told me that it was BU, but I showed her that the bun was BU; then she showed me an N card and told me that BUN called for the bun, BU for the butter, and B for the box. Now she added a book, telling me that it also was a B article. I indicated again that, when she made B, I should not know what she wanted. Then she spelled into my hand slowly: 'Bun, butter, box, book.' She had me repeat the spelling over and over until I had mastered these words.

My teacher has told me recently

that some psychologists might not approve of the method she followed in associating first one letter, then two, and finally all the letters of a word with an object, instead of spelling the entire word to me at first and later breaking it up into its component parts, as is done in teaching children to read. She explained that she could not do that for several reasons. First, I did not have a concept of the meaning of written words. Second, it would have been too difficult for me to master all at once all the motions involved in forming one word. Finally, she wished to set me thinking, as she surely did when I encountered different words beginning with the same letter.

After I had learned a few words, my teacher showed me how, by moving letters from one place to another, I could spell several words with the same letters. Taking four cards, — two O cards, one D card, and one G card, — she showed me how to spell 'God,' 'good,' 'go,' and 'dog.' I was greatly interested, for I had now grasped the idea that everything has a written and spelled name as well as a spoken one. My parents had not allowed me to forget that everyone and everything has a spoken name, even though I could not pronounce it, but I was slow in awakening to the fact that combinations of letters make words and that sentences consist merely of a combination of words. Having once understood what my teacher was trying to have me discover, however, I was all eagerness to proceed and to learn, no matter what problem was given me.

I no longer thought that my teacher was odd. I was delighted to sit by her, or go around with her and have her place my hand on everything we could reach, while she spelled the names to me. After I knew the names of several objects and could spell them with ease, I was given a few verbs, such as 'go,'

'run,' 'walk,' 'fall,' 'eat.' When the verbs were spelled to me I acted them out, and when I spelled the verbs to my teacher or to the girls they would perform the acts indicated.

I did not spell any words of my own accord, however, until I had been in school nearly a month. The other pupils were going home then for their vacation and some change had taken place in the school hours; there was no recess. The first day my teacher and I kept on at our work as usual, since we were not to have a vacation. We were working in the shade out in the boys' yard, and I felt that we had been a longer time than usual at work without stopping to exercise and have a bite to eat. Every day the pupils were given buns at recess, and I-always had one. I was feeling hungry, and my teacher made no attempt to stop work. Therefore I slipped away from her and ran to the schoolhouse steps to see if the sun had reached the point where it always was at 'bun time.'

Sure enough, the sun was creeping up the steps far ahead of where it should be at recess, so I went back to my teacher and dragged her, seemingly much against her will, to the steps, and showed her that the sun was far ahead of the 'bun' mark. She did not seem impressed. I led her around the yard looking for the chair on which the basket of buns was put every day, but there was no chair, no basket, nor were there any crumbs on the cement floor of the court, as I made sure by rubbing my foot around. In desperation, I dashed to my teacher and spelled 'bun' with my fingers.

This was the first word I had spelled voluntarily. My teacher clasped me in her arms and kissed me. Then she led me to the kitchen, and I felt her lips moving as if she were talking to someone. In a jiffy a woman brought me a big slice of bread and butter, and as she

gave it to me she kissed me. I afterward learned that she was the housekeeper and did all the cooking for Wingohocking Hall. I thought her then — and do still — a very capable and important person, and all through my stay in Wingohocking Hall we were very good friends. She did not give any bread to my teacher, so I offered her some of mine, but she bowed and shook her head, which at that stage of my education meant, 'No, thank you.' I ate the big piece of bread all by myself, for I was just plain hungry.

Next day came recess time again without buns, so, remembering my experience of the day before, I promptly spelled 'bun' to my teacher when I discovered that there was no bun basket in the yard. For this I was again rewarded with a bread-and-butter sandwich, and my teacher told me, by spelling 'bun' and shaking her head while pointing to the bread, that it was not a bun, but 'bread.'

IV

I had learned at home to distinguish my uncle and grandparents by special signs made to me, therefore I found it easy to pick up signs used to designate the various pupils with whom I associated. My teacher was well aware that it was against the rules for the pupils to sign and spell, but she seemed to regard their signing to me as an exception to the rule. Knowing the pupils as I do now, I am of the opinion that much of their attention to me was an excuse to express themselves freely by signs.

My school hours were from a quarter to eight to half-past four, with half an hour at noon for my dinner. All my time was not spent in the school-room, for my teacher took me around, spelling to me all the time, and I never lost interest in what she did. As soon as

she was sure that I understood the use of letters, she led me to a girl whose sign I knew, placed her hand on the girl's chest, and spelled 'Who?' Then she held up one of my hands to indicate that I was to spell the girl's name. Of course I could not do this, so I answered by making the girl's sign. My teacher spelled 'No, no,' shaking her head, and then made M, which was the first letter of the name of the girl in question. The other girls in the yard stood watching me, as usual, and my teacher stayed with me until supper time, giving me the initial of each girl who happened to come near us, because I was so interested. Her method was always to strike while the iron was hot.

Some of the girls had the same initials. Remembering my experience with B and BU, and with 'bun' and 'butter,' I held up my teacher's hand until she had spelled all the letters that formed the names of the girls whose initials were the same. My teacher told the girls that any one of them who succeeded in teaching me how to spell her name correctly would be rewarded with some candy. Therefore my next few days were very busy. I enjoyed these days with the girls, because I imagined I was doing them a great favor by helping them win their prizes. I did not know that it was I who was being helped; it was all play to me. Here is an extract from my teacher's notes relating to this episode:—

June, 1909.—Kathryne is making much ado over her playmates. When going to them, she throws her head back, walks with a quick, short step, swaggers, and bends over them in a very patronizing way. To-day I asked her by imitating her why she had changed her manner of approaching the girls, and she replied in signs: 'I teach girls. Many girls no spell. Shame! Shame! No smart. G wrong, Q wrong'—which means that some of the girls could not make letters with their fingers and others

made Q for G. This is a very common mistake with orally taught pupils when they spell. It is very evident that Kathryne is not troubled with any feeling of inferiority. I must be careful how I allow others to praise her or she will become arrogant and unmanageable by the time she reaches her teens. Where has she obtained this idea of superiority? If she is imitating any teacher's bearing, I hope I am not that one. She can now express herself fairly well in signs, considering the short time she has been associating with the deaf. I have taught her only three signs,—box, orange, bun,—and these three signs have been dropped by both Kathryne and me since the day I first substituted letters for the signs.

The day after my teacher had shown me how to substitute letters for the girls' signs, we met Dr. Crouter on the driveway, and while I was shaking hands with him she spelled 'Who?' to me. I promptly made C and placed it on my chin. The girls had told me that that was the way to make the sign for Dr. Crouter. While I was doing this she spelled into my hand, 'Dr. Crouter.' After he had passed she cautioned me about making a sign for the superintendent's name and told me always to spell 'Dr. Crouter' when speaking of him. I spread out my hands in front of me and shrugged my shoulders, which was my way of asking 'Why?' and 'What is the difference?'—My teacher replied in gestures: 'Many little girls no hear, no talk, no write, no spell, no smart. Sign, yes; baby, yes. Little girl spell—smart, yes; good, yes. Little girl write—smart, yes.' All this made it clear to me that by spelling I should be considered smart, and by signing I should be classed with babies.

I shall never forget what an impression this short impromptu lecture made upon me. On returning to our school-room, I shut the door, drew two chairs up to the table, motioned to my teacher to be seated, and then walked around the room to make sure we were

alone. Seating myself beside my teacher, I placed my forefinger on my lips, which meant that she was not to mention what I had to say. She promised by nodding her head, and I proceeded to make C and place it on my chin, point to myself, and then knock on my forehead with the knuckles of my closed fist, while I shook my head slowly in a mournful way. All this meant, 'Does Dr. Crouter think that I am a dunce because I signed?' (Incidentally, the sign for 'dunce' was the first one I had learned from the other pupils, although how I happened to catch the meaning of this so quickly I am entirely unable to say.)

My teacher was all sympathy, and replied: 'No, no. He thinks you are bright and that you will soon learn to spell.' She did this by shaking her head and spelling first 'No, no' and then 'Dr. Crouter'; by patting her forehead with the fingers of her open hand,

which meant 'know'; and finally by pointing to me as she tapped my forehead several times with her forefinger, which meant 'smart.' I was delighted. A great load had been lifted from my heart, for I wanted to find favor in the superintendent's eyes. Was he not the 'father' of this large beautiful place where I was? In my estimation then, and even more as time went on, he was a great man whose friendship and good will were well worth cultivating.

Having obtained a clear idea that signs, gestures, the alphabet, manual spelling, and writing could be used as a substitute for speech, there seemed at last to be a royal road to learning for me. But no; every step I took toward obtaining knowledge, even the writing of a simple sentence, though pleasant and very interesting, required steady, laborious work on the part of both my teacher and myself.

(A culminating chapter, 'Light at Last,' will appear in June)

SAVING NEW ENGLAND

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

I

Nor only is it affirmed in the Harvard song that the Cambridge shadows are more soothing, the sunlight more dear, 'than descend on less privileged earth,' but Harvard is urged to remain the bearer of sweetness and light

Till the stock of the Puritan die.

Whether the fact that the Harvard Botanic Gardens, founded in memory

of Asa Gray for the study of hardy herbaceous plants, are now abandoned and overgrown with weeds, while the new School of Business rises in four-million-dollar majesty across the Charles, indicates a certain debility in the stock of the Puritans, who can say? Certainly the Cambridge shades are less soothing than they used to be; in fact in many places they are now nonexistent. Many sections of less privileged earth grow better trees than

LIGHT AT LAST¹

BY KATHRYNE MARY FRICK

I

DURING my first few years in school, my interest in my studies did not lag. Everyone was kind and very considerate of me then as all through my school days, and the interest the directors and the other officers of the Institution took in my progress was a constant incentive.

I was responsive to praise and easily influenced by others, and for this latter reason my teacher did not want me to mingle too freely with the other pupils and allowed me to play with them only at certain times under the watchful care of some responsible person. In spite of this precaution, however, the girls gave me some queer ideas that worried my teacher. It was my habit to tell her everything, and I liked to find something that was not in keeping with her views, because I loved debate. When I said something of which she did not approve, her way of spelling was more impressive than usual and there was more life in every word and gesture. How I did love a jolt! Though I was perfectly willing to do patiently all that was required of me, I craved excitement and welcomed anything that would make me think faster.

Every morning my teacher brought something to eat, and at half-past ten we would sit on the doorsteps, or somewhere in the shade, and eat fruit, bread and butter or crackers, and drink

lemonade, while my teacher told me about the objects she could see near us. As soon as we had divided the luncheon and had started to eat, she would begin to spell out something like this: 'I see a bird. It is hopping.' I would spell, 'Where is a bird?' After she had corrected the article 'a' to 'the,' she would say, 'Near us' — or she would name whatever it happened to be near, under, or on. A short statement like that was sure to open the floodgate of questions I had always on tap, such as 'What color bird?' 'Where bird go?' or 'Bird wants bread? Bird eat?'

Sometimes my teacher would begin to eat without saying anything. Then I would start with such questions as 'Who?' 'Who you saw?' or 'You saw who?' After she had straightened out the question forms, she would answer, and nearly always would add something interesting to the direct reply. She says now that she did not restrict herself to any one tense when talking to me, but used any tense or language form demanded by the occasion, and that I used mostly the past tense, except with the verbs 'like,' 'want,' 'love,' 'have,' and 'be.'

I remember one time she spelled: 'I see two birds. They are hopping.' When she asked me to tell her what she had said I spelled: 'You saw two birds. They are hoppingped.' I spelled this very fast, because I was proud of the fact that I could change verbs from the present to the past tense without help from her.

My teacher now tells me that this

¹ Earlier chapters of this authentic record of triumph over blindness, deafness, and loss of speech appeared in April and May. — EDITOR

mistake of mine is unusual and that in all her experience she had never met it before, because teachers nearly always give their pupils the past form of a verb before requiring them to use it, or tell the pupils to leave a blank for the word they need but do not know. And to my question, 'Would it not have been better if you had given me the past form of "are hopping" before you led me into using it?' she replies: 'No, not in your case. If I had undertaken to do that, it would have required signs, and the superintendent had requested me to avoid using them as much as possible and to see how much could be done without them. To be sure, at times I did resort to signs, but only when it was absolutely necessary. With a class, I should have pursued different tactics, but I was on the firing line with you all the time and wanted you to receive all the bumps that one would naturally encounter when first learning to use any language. I wanted you to meet and overcome the same obstacles that the average hearing child meets and overcomes before he enters school, thus increasing your power to think and overcome difficulties as you went along. Then again, the two mistakes you made threw more light on the progress you were making than if you had spelled a perfect sentence. The sentence "They are hopping" showed that you had in some way discovered that words a little different from the ones I had used were wanted and that you were perfectly capable of quickly calling upon what you had already learned to help you out; also that you had self-reliance enough not to depend upon your teacher for everything.'

The first time I went home for a short vacation, my teacher came on a Saturday to stay the following week and then take me back to school. On the Monday after her arrival, when

Mother was clearing off the breakfast table, I made some sandwiches and put them in the refrigerator. I put a pitcher and a lemon on a plate near two glasses and two spoons. Mother did not understand what I was doing, but she was too busy to ask for an explanation. My teacher went around the house spelling to me, and though I was interested in learning the names of all the objects in my home I kept a sharp outlook to see when the sun would reach the steps in our back yard. I felt that the sun was lazy that morning, for I had not yet learned that it does not shine in all back yards at the same hour. Taking my teacher's hands, I led her to the clock in the kitchen and spelled, 'Eat bun. Yes? No?' She spelled 'Yes.' Then I showed her where to get ice water and sugar and, giving her a knife, told her to make some lemonade, while I got some fruit and the sandwiches.

We sat on the steps of the back piazza and I at once began to question her about our surroundings. Poor Mother did not know what it was all about until my teacher explained that at school we had an early breakfast and, as dinner was not served until one o'clock, it was necessary for us to have a bite between meals. I purposely did not tell Mother why I made the sandwiches in the morning because I wanted her to be shocked at finding my teacher and me sitting on the back steps eating like tramps, with a plate of sandwiches and a pitcher on the piazza floor. I thought Mother would be horrified, and I enjoyed the sensation this thought produced more than I did the sandwiches.

As the time drew near for my return to school, I racked my brain for some device to prolong my stay at home. I could see no reason why my teacher could not teach me as well at home as in the Institution. The day before we

were to return, we attended a picnic near a stream, which we crossed on stepping-stones, and I became aware that my teacher was fearful of having her skirt splashed. Then it flashed across my mind that if she got her dress good and wet she would not be able to take me back to school the next day, for I knew that the only other dress she had with her was unsuitable for travel. Having crossed the stream without a mishap, I coaxed her to lead me to the water and let me feel it running. This she did, and then, without any warning, I gave her several pushes, but somehow she managed to save herself until Mother took me in hand.

Then I thought of another plan. When I first entered school I had a sore finger which was very slow in healing, and to make matters worse I got a splinter under the nail while picking up something from the floor. The splinter was removed in the Institution infirmary and my finger was receiving medical care when I started on my vacation. On the day of my return to school, while Mother was getting me ready for the train, a great desire to stay at home a few more days overwhelmed me, so I told Mother I did not want to go with my teacher because she had put my sore finger on the table and beat it with a big stick. I showed her how it was done. My grandmother, who was waiting to see me off, was called, and I repeated my story. Then I was marched to my teacher, who was waiting for me in the living room. Mother showed her my finger and asked what had happened to it. My teacher told her about the splinter. Then Mother asked me why my finger was sore, and, feeling sure that she believed in me, I did not hesitate to accuse my teacher before her and Grandma.

Nothing more was said about the

matter at the time, and I had to go back to school. The next morning, however, my teacher took me to the Institution infirmary and showed the head nurse my finger, going through the motions I had used in accusing her of having smashed it. The nurse shook her head and showed me how she had removed the splinter. My teacher explained to me that there was a written record of the accident to my finger, and when we returned to our schoolroom she requested me to write to my parents and tell them the truth. When I refused, she said she would take me to the superintendent's office and have him write to my parents. She made it clear that the superintendent would question the nurse, matron, and my supervisor in order to get at the truth. Then I saw the uselessness of adhering to my story, and I wrote home telling of the mistake I had made.

What a fuss about such a little thing, I thought. Why did n't she let the whole matter drop? I had learned a lesson — was n't that enough? I had learned that it was useless to fib to her or about her, for she had ways of reaching the truth of which I knew nothing, and she would do her utmost to right anything she knew was wrong. Long afterward I ventured to ask my teacher why she bothered about my accusation when she knew herself guiltless, and she answered: —

'If you had succeeded in making everyone believe that fib, there would have been no hesitation, on your part, about telling many others. What is generally considered harmless fibbing in a child, if ignored by those who should correct the fault, usually leads to something worse. I positively believed that, by this lesson, I should relieve you and your future teachers of much arduous work in training you to be truthful and trustworthy.'

I was led to ask if I was an unusually

dishonest and untruthful child, to which she replied: —

‘On the contrary, you were the most honest and truthful deaf or hearing child I have ever met. This fib was the only one I ever knew you to tell. You did write imaginary stories about your dolls and other toys and sometimes pretended that you did not believe what had been told to you, but you did so in order to gain more information about the subject or to satisfy your desire to debate. All this could be classed with untruthfulness, but few would so classify it.’

It seems rather egotistic for me to quote my teacher as I have in this respect, but I feel justified, for she maintains that there are no born liars, but that circumstances, fear, shame, vanity, desire, or all together, make the liar.

II

By the second week in September we were started again on our regular school work, and everything rushed along merrily. My teacher had a carefully mapped out programme for every day, but we seldom, if ever, followed it to the letter, as she was sure to dwell a little longer on something when I seemed eager to continue and cut short anything in which I did not at the moment seem interested. There was one exception to this — counting. She was anxious to have me learn to count to ten, as she wanted to classify words according to what is known as the column or five-slate system of teaching the rules of syntax. For I had now arrived at sentence building, and syntax, as every teacher of the deaf knows, is a most difficult matter.

The first time that I put a verb in the wrong place — as, ‘I a cake ate’ — my teacher took a large blank yellow card that was divided into six vertical columns by pricked lines and told me that

‘I’ should always be put in the first column, ‘ate’ in the second, and ‘cake’ in the third. So far I understood. Then one day I wrote, ‘A table is a cake on.’ When my teacher saw my mistake, she led me to one side of the room, where six blank cardboard charts were hanging in a row on the wall. A week or two before this, when she had hung them there, I had asked her, ‘Why?’ and she had spelled, ‘Keep awake and you will see in good time.’

Of course at that stage of my acquaintance with English such spelling was Greek to me, so I held her spelling hand up with both of mine, which told her that I did not catch the idea and wished her to explain. Then she spelled slowly, ‘Wait and you will see why I hung the cards on the wall. After a while we shall use them.’ ‘Use?’ I asked; and she spelled, ‘Want them.’ And then, ‘We shall want to work on them.’

This is an example of the way I acquired language. When we went into the yard at recess, my teacher was electrified when she saw me spell to a girl, ‘See.’ The girl asked, ‘What?’ I spelled, ‘Keep awake, and you will see.’

After recess, my teacher asked me why I had used the language she had spelled first and not the simpler form, and I answered in signs, ‘I wanted to show the girl that I could spell like grown-ups and not in baby language.’ Then she asked, ‘Who told you that I spelled baby language to you the second time?’ All I was able to say then, however, was, ‘I know.’

Each of the six charts on the wall had several narrow strips sewed across it horizontally to hold small cards — another of my teacher’s inventions; and, taking the large yellow card marked off in six columns, she showed me that the six charts corresponded to the columns on the yellow card. On the table near the charts were four

boxes containing small cards of different sizes and shapes, on each of which was written a word in Braille. I had been introduced to Braille the first week in September, and we had been making these cards off and on for some time. Whenever I needed a new word of any kind, it was pricked on a card and placed in one of the boxes, though I did not then understand why.

Nouns of all numbers and genders were written on white oblong-shaped cards and put into the box marked '1, 3, 5'; the verbs were written in the present tense on yellow cards two inches square and placed in the box marked '2'; the prepositions, which were few, were written on oblong cards smaller than the ones for the nouns and put in the box marked '4.' In the box marked '6' were square cards much larger than the ones on which the verbs were written. These large square cards were for words that expressed time — such as 'to-day,' 'to-morrow,' 'now,' and so on. It did not matter what grammarians called them so long as they told me, when used in a sentence, which tense of the verb was required.

Taking all the noun cards, my teacher showed me that they could be placed in the holders on chart 1, 3, or 5, but never on chart 2, 4, or 6, and, in turn, that the verb cards were always placed on chart 2, the prepositions on chart 4, and the time-expression cards on chart 6.

Then my teacher put my hand on a cake that was on the table and asked, 'What is on the table?' I answered, 'A cake.' She told me to take the card with 'cake' written on it and asked me on which chart it should go. I hesitated, and she spelled again, 'What is on the table?' holding her hand on chart 1. I spelled 'cake,' holding my hand right under hers; then I understood that the 'cake' card should be put in the holder on chart 1. Next she put on chart 2 a card which had 'is' written on it and

told me never to put a card on chart 3 when 'is' was on chart 2. She gave me the 'on' card, which I put on chart 4, and then I put 'table' in the holder on chart 5.

This was my first lesson in correcting my language mistakes. I had been using the verb 'to be,' having picked it up from my teacher, and I had wondered why she kept the cards with 'to be' and its variations in the same box with the verbs, but held together with a strong rubber band. I asked her why she did not want 'to be' to mix with the other cards, and she said, "'To be" is a very troublesome little fellow and we have to watch him closely.'

I laughed at the way she used the pronoun 'him,' because she had taught me that the neuter pronouns were 'it,' 'they,' and 'them.'

I asked her 'Why? What "be" for?' and she explained that 'to be' and all his friends say 'yes' — that is, affirm the statement. I asked where the 'no' cards were and she showed me cards on which 'no' and 'not' were written. Then I placed cards on the charts so as to read: 'I am in my schoolroom now. I am not in the yard.'

1 :	2	:	3 :	4 :		5	:	6
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I : am	:	:	in :	my schoolroom:	now
I : am not:	:	:	in :	the yard	:

When my teacher took me to the charts she had no intention of dwelling so long on the verb 'to be,' but I was so curious about the little word which did not seem to mean anything that she took advantage of my interest. When I was told in my second school year that I used this verb surprisingly well for the short time I had been under instruction, I felt that it was because I had obtained a clear idea of its use on the day my teacher first gave me the charts to straighten out my mistakes.

III

By the time I went home for the Christmas holidays I had been under instruction nearly seven months, and it could be said that I was fairly started. I could count objects to ten, write from 'one' to 'ten' in words and in Braille figures, and read and write many words and short sentences in both Braille and Roman letters. I knew that only the sightless use the dotted print, that the Roman letters are used by people who can see, and that every person and thing has a written as well as spoken name. I could spell with my fingers and read what others spelled to me, and when I was puzzled my teacher would always find a way to make me understand the meaning of every word and sentence. She encouraged the pupils to spell to me after school hours, giving them to understand that they need not confine themselves to the words and language that I knew, but that they might express themselves in the language they used when talking to their teachers. In this way she was laying the foundation for me to cultivate a 'language memory.'

Shortly after the Christmas holidays Mr. William Wade, that benevolent citizen of Oakmont, Pennsylvania, who was such a generous friend to all the blind and deaf in the United States, sent me a Braille writer. I was not long learning how to write with it and I wanted to discard the slow, laborious method of writing on the Braille slate, but my teacher insisted that I use the slate occasionally. She attached some mental discipline to my making letters backward, as one must when writing on the Braille slate.

It was great fun to sit by my teacher and read as she wrote stories and news for hours at a time. I found it far more interesting to read as she wrote than to have the finished page of writing

handed me. I was not allowed to interrupt her until she had finished a page, when I could ask all the questions or say anything I wished, as long as what I said had some reference to what she had written. After she had finished one subject I could talk about whatever her writing had suggested to me. When it came my turn to write she observed the same rule, and after she had corrected my writing by spelling and questions I usually copied what I had written.

At first my teacher answered my questions in a direct way, and in writing the story I confined myself to the bare facts that I had gleaned from her answers. By constantly listening to her opinions concerning what she had seen or had been told, however, I almost unconsciously, through imitation, learned to express my own ideas.

Sometimes this was rather embarrassing for my teacher. For instance, when I was in my third year at school a very dignified lady came to our school-room to see me while I was lying on the lounge taking my regular afternoon rest. My teacher asked the visitor if she would like to see me write something unaided, and, upon receiving an answer in the affirmative, she introduced me to the lady. Then she led me to the typewriter and said: 'I saw you spelling to yourself while you were on the lounge. What were you thinking about?' I immediately began to tap out on the keys: 'You are a dear little busybody to want to know what I was thinking about, but I do not mind telling you. I was thinking about home and Mama and Papa and a new dress that Mama is making for me. I do not like store dresses. My Mama can make pretty clothes.'

I gave the paper to my teacher and she handed it to the lady without glancing at it. I put my hand on my teacher's face to see how what I had written

was being received, and to my surprise she held her lips firmly together as was her wont when nonplused. Our visitor's stay was short, for as soon as she had read my paper she asked my teacher if I knew about God and if my parents were Christians, then bade me good-bye stiffly and departed.

I asked my teacher what was wrong, and she answered, 'Nothing.' This did not satisfy me, however, so she explained that the lady was a dear kind soul, but that she evidently belonged to the old school of pedagogy, which would consider it almost a crime for a pupil to speak openly of his teacher as a busybody.

'But I was in fun,' I pleaded.

'To be sure,' said my teacher. 'Any modern person would understand that, but the old school did not permit such familiarity between teacher and pupil, and for a pupil to joke or laugh and sometimes even smile brought the schoolmaster's switch into play.' For a moment I was worried, until she said that times had changed and that the moderns believe in making the school-room a pleasant as well as a profitable place.

Fearing that the lady had carried away a wrong impression of me, I asked, 'Did the lady think I was stupid and naughty?'

'No,' said my teacher, 'but her whole manner and expression said plainly: "What will become of that poor child if she is left to such teaching? To be allowed and encouraged to talk about such vanities as pretty clothes in school, when she should be on her knees for what she has now!"'

I wanted to know if the lady had on shabby old clothes, and was told that, on the contrary, her clothes were of the very best and that she was evidently a woman of education, culture, and breeding. If the dear good lady happens to read this I hope she will not

be offended, but will rejoice in knowing that she helped me to enlarge my vocabulary, gave me a broader view of what to expect of people, and, above all, afforded me a couple of days of delightful learning, since her visit gave rise to much questioning and explaining.

It was the right psychological moment to acquaint me with new expressions. My teacher had been training me all along to repeat whole sentences after they had been spelled once to me and to get the meaning of words at the same time. I knew that nearly all words have several meanings, as I had learned that several signs may be made for one word — as many signs as the word happens to have meanings. I learned this from the other pupils, not from my teacher. I also knew that when my teacher used, for example, such a phrase as 'praying continually' she did not mean that one should keep praying every minute of the twenty-four hours of the day and every day of one's life. Some instinct told me that she was using the words in a sort of Pickwickian sense. She often spoke to me in that way because she knew that when I took up reading I should come across many things that could not be taken literally.

IV

As I have already stated, from the first my teacher endeavored to help me by every means to recall the language and speech I had before I was stricken, and whenever we met anyone who could hear she would tap me under the chin, which meant that I was to speak. When I did make an attempt to say something that I had spelled she would repeat it to me as soon as she met anyone who could hear, and a tap on my chin told me to do my best. I was anxious to talk like other people, and a second tap was not necessary.

Whether these exercises were reviving my lost memory or whether I was learning the words anew is still a question with me, but I do know that a word suddenly came back to me one day when I was rejoicing over a surprise gift that Miss Weston, a reporter, brought to me. It was a dear little stuffed rabbit all covered with fur, and the reporter hoped that I would say 'cat' or 'kitty,' words she was pretty sure I had known before losing my speech. As soon as I had taken the rabbit, my teacher spelled 'cat,' and touched my chin. I was indignant and shouted at the top of my voice, 'Bunny!' My teacher said, 'No, no. Cat.' I repeated 'bunny' so plainly that even the reporter, who had seen me only once before and was not accustomed to the voice of the deaf, understood me at once. I showed my teacher the stubby tail in proof of my assertion.

This little incident helped to increase my self-confidence, and I continued of my own free will to give some sort of sound or combination of sounds for all the words I had learned to spell, although these sounds usually meant very little to others. Now and again I would recall the spoken name of something, but was very seldom able to say it plainly enough to be understood.

My teacher was very anxious to have my speech developed at once, and at her request, in my second school year, Dr. Crouter and the directors arranged for another teacher, Miss Stewart, to undertake the task of instructing me in the elements of speech. The methods used were practically the same as those used in teaching the seeing deaf to speak, only I was required to depend upon my fingers instead of my eyes when I wanted to know the position assumed by the teacher's lips or tongue. This could not have been very pleasant work for Miss

Stewart. She gave me about twenty or thirty half-hour lessons.

Meanwhile, my own teacher, Miss Foley, in addition to my other school work, was training my sense of touch so that I should learn to distinguish variations in sound vibrations. One drill that I found more interesting than the others was tapping on a toy drum. Removing one side of the drum, my teacher strung wax threads across it and had me, by simply holding my hands on the drum, tell her which thread she had strummed.

It was through the drum exercise that she taught me how to keep time when dancing. I got the waltz step by my teacher's striking the drum with her forefinger, then following this quickly with a stroke of her middle finger and then with her ring finger, the last stroke being somewhat prolonged into a sort of glide. This meant 'one, two, three, balance.' Having obtained an idea of rhythm through my fingers, I placed my hands on my teacher's toes while she went slowly through the waltz steps, and it was not long before I could follow her. Soon I could waltz with anyone, and how I did love to dance! There seemed to be something within me that I longed to express, and dancing gave me an outlet. After mastering the waltz step I took up rhythmic skipping, the one-step, scarf drills, and other æsthetic drills. During my first four years in school ten minutes every day were set aside for these exercises.

Among the many other things, I was taught to understand both script and Roman letters when written on my hands and arms, in order to keep me in touch with people who could not spell with their fingers. In short, training of my sense of touch in different ways never ceased while I was under the instruction of my first teacher. As a result, this sense became so acute that I

could recognize and even enjoy various kinds of statuary.

V

All the directors were exceedingly interested in trying to make my school life pleasant and profitable. Mr. Emlen Hutchinson, Mr. Archibald R. Montgomery, Mr. Joseph H. Burroughs, and Mr. Robert Glendinning were among the many who did a great deal to make it so. Among Mr. Glendinning's many gifts to me was a precious and very useful wrist watch which enabled me to be on time for school, shop, and meals without depending on being hunted up by the supervisors. Indeed, the watch made me feel very independent and almost normal.

Before receiving the watch, I could tell time by the clock. Seeing how I was striving to guess time by the sun and shadows, my teacher acquainted me, during my second school year, with the use of the clock. She made a hole above the figure XII on a pasteboard clock dial, explaining that the hole was the top. Then she sewed an oblong wooden bead over each figure on the dial. Touching the bead over figure I with the hour hand, while the minute hand was on XII, she spelled: 'It is one o'clock now. It is dinner time. School is out.' Moving the hour hand to II, she spelled, 'It is two o'clock.' She continued thus until the hour hand reached XII. Then, moving it to I, she waited for some response from me. I promptly spelled, 'It is thirteen o'clock.' 'No, no,' she laughed; 'we never say that. It is 1 A.M. now. You are in bed. When it is dinner time it is 1 P.M.'

In a week or two, after I had mastered the hours, five wooden cubes were sewed between the figures XII and I. Then five wooden balls were sewed

between I and II, and so on, five cubes alternating with five balls between the various figures on the dial. Now the minute hand, which so far had remained at XII, was brought into play. My teacher moved the minute hand from XII to I, while the hour hand was moved just a tiny bit past I. She spelled, 'It is five minutes past one.' Then, moving the minute hand to II, she spelled, 'It is ten minutes past one.' This continued until the minute hand was again at XII and the hour hand at II. This drill was carried on day after day until by actual count I knew that the minute hand had to pass sixty beads while the hour hand crept slowly from one oblong bead to another.

The number of short sentences that I mastered while learning to tell time is almost beyond belief. My teacher has a notebook filled with expressions I learned in this way.

Among my good friends not directly connected with the Institution were Governor Edwin S. Stuart, several members of the Legislature, and Mr. Ellis Lit, Jr., of Philadelphia. Governor Stuart always remembered me handsomely on my birthdays, and he remembered me on my graduation, too. Mr. Lit often took me for long rides in his auto, with my teacher or supervisor always accompanying me to tell me about the interesting places and sights we passed. I was in my third school year when he gave me my first auto ride in Philadelphia, and it was then that I did something that my teacher saw fit to record in her school journal.

Yesterday, Mr. Lit took Kathrynne for a ride in his car, and I went along. After we had ridden a mile or two a little weakness of Kathrynne's came to the surface — something I thought she did not possess. Kathrynne had asked, 'Why did Mr. Lit invite me for a ride?' and on my answering, 'Because he is your friend,' she asked, 'Is he rich?'

On receiving the reply, 'He has everything he needs and is very comfortably situated,' she drew herself up haughtily, threw back her head, and, turning it slowly, cast her eyes down as if looking in disdain at the people in the street. To-day I questioned her about her attitude in the car and she said, 'I did that because I felt that way.' To my question, 'How do you know that some people look and act that way?' she answered, 'I do not know. I just thought and wanted to play I was a fine lady; then my head moved itself.'

So much for human nature.

The journal also tells how, when we had passed an intoxicated man on the street, I said, 'I smell beer.' When my teacher informed me whence the odor came, she added, 'It is wrong to drink beer.' I resented her statement, saying, 'Many nice ladies and gentlemen drink beer,' for I had lived among the Pennsylvania Germans, to whom beer is nothing more than tea or coffee. Many of them were my friends, and I was ready to pledge myself then and there that they would never do anything wrong. We dropped the matter for the moment, but when we returned to our schoolroom my teacher took it up again, in spite of the fact that she usually avoided any reference to the subject of liquor or intoxication.

She told me that she knew an intelligent man who had been in good circumstances and was well liked, but who took to drinking and in a few years lost his health, fortune, and friends. The last time she heard of him he was ill, very poor, and without a friend. 'No friends! No friends!' I repeated, for I could not imagine a worse fate befalling anyone than to be friendless. Then my teacher spelled with more energy than the occasion seemed to warrant, 'Who wants a drunkard for a friend?' I replied, 'Why, another drunkard,' for my first few years of silence had impressed me with the thought that any sort of company was

better than none. My teacher paused for a few seconds and then said, 'I do believe I have neglected the words "no one" and "nobody."'

Then she began with still more emphasis, 'Who wants to associate with a wicked man?' I answered as truthfully as I could, 'Another bad man.' Still my teacher kept up her querying, her next question being, 'Who would like to have the President of the United States for a friend?' She hoped by this question to lead me to say 'everybody' or 'everyone,' and thus lead me to use the opposite, 'nobody' or 'no one'; but my answer was, 'The King of England.' She continued, 'Who would like to have Governor Stuart for a friend?' My answer came quickly, 'The President of the United States,' for I had placed Governor Stuart above all others, and why should not the President yearn for his friendship?

My teacher's notes on this subject end with, 'It is true that to-day I failed for a while in cornering Kathryn into using voluntarily "no one, nobody, everyone, and everybody," but I did spend a very interesting and amusing half hour with her in which my brain received more stimulus than any beverage could possibly have given it.'

VI

In Wissinoming Hall there was a teacher, Miss Mabel P. Whitman, who had, previous to coming to the Institution, taught a boy who had become deaf after he had learned to speak and who had lost his sight at fourteen years of age. He had been in a school for the deaf several years before becoming blind. Although his educational problem could not have been anything like mine, Miss Whitman very bravely and generously took up the task of instructing me in speech

without any recompense save observation of Miss Foley's methods and my heartfelt thanks, which still go out to her. Miss Whitman could spell with her fingers and knew New York point, but was wholly unacquainted with the American Braille that I used. However, she soon picked up American Braille, and it was not long before she had me gliding along the path Miss Foley had marked out for me — that is, learning how to pronounce words as soon as I was able to use them.

Since it was necessary for me to place my fingers frequently on Miss Whitman's lips and tongue, cleanliness had to be a watchword, as well as cheerfulness and willingness to learn: Miss Foley inspected me to see that my teeth, hands, and nails were scoured and cleaned thoroughly, though my supervisor kept me spotless in every respect. A half hour was spent in school before I had my oral lesson, however, and, since my fingers were doing duty for both eyes and ears, my hands were sure to accumulate some foreign matter. Every morning, therefore, we placed a small table in the centre of the room with everything on it that might possibly be needed in a speech lesson, and a basin of water and towels were put within easy reach, so that not one minute of the precious oral hour would be lost.

The following letter from Miss Whitman in response to my questions will indicate the methods she used.

DEAR KATHRYNE: —

In teaching you to speak, the method was not much different from that used in teaching the deaf, except that you found the positions of the vocal organs by the sense of touch while they get them by sight. The first sounds taught were *ar* and *ah*. You felt and found that my tongue lay soft and flat. You placed your hand on my chest and felt the voice vibrations. Then you imitated me and reproduced the sound your-

self. Then you got the sound of *p*, *b*, and *m*, feeling the vibration of the nasal sound of *m* on the nose. The various vowels were learned by feeling the position of the lips and tongue and giving voice. Sometimes you had to try several times before getting the right sound, but when you got it I told you, and you repeated it till you knew it. You were getting a certain amount of lip reading by taking syllables, words, and sentences from my lips. This was never hard for you to do. I remember that sometimes, when I got tired of spelling, I would give a lesson by lip reading. You always liked to do it for a change. I could not let you keep your fingers on my nose for the nasal sounds, because it tickled me, but you got along just as well. . . .

In my fifth school year Miss Whitman became my teacher. I also had two hours daily of industrial work directly under Miss Jennie Diehl, the head of the sewing department, who, during all the rest of my school years, took great pains in giving me special instruction. I had already had instruction with Miss Foley in knitting, crocheting, tying, knotting, weaving on a kindergarten frame, making silk patchwork, simple basketry, cutting and making dolls' clothes. Miss Diehl carried on the manual work started by my first teacher, to which she gradually added other work, such as caning, weaving on a large loom, and fancy-work. It was in the industrial department that my early years of sense training reaped a harvest. My dancing, gymnastic, and æsthetic-dancing lessons were dropped at the end of my fourth year, I am sorry to say, as well as writing with a pencil and on my arm. I did continue to dance occasionally with the girls after school hours, but they hopped and jazzed and seemed to know nothing about the slow, gliding waltz and the rhythmic skipping that gave me so much pleasure.

As my tenth year in school drew to a close, Miss Whitman was lured by a

larger salary to another institution, and from then until my graduation, in 1925, I had in succession three other teachers, each one being, like my first two, the best obtainable. They were well educated, energetic, and up-to-date in educational ideas and practices. Each had interesting ways of teaching, but I cannot give details, as no notes on the subject are obtainable.

On leaving school, I made no attempt to enter college, as many of my friends thought I should. Instead, I followed the advice of my teachers by returning home to my parents and adjusting myself to the quietness of home life. So here I am, as busy and as happy and content as most persons in the circumstances of my parents are. I help Mother with her household duties and do little things for Father when he returns home tired from work; I dress dolls and sell them to get pin money. Then, in addition, I am taking

a course in English composition and rhetoric from the Hadley Correspondence School, which, with my reading helps to keep me mentally alert.

When I began to learn speech, reading was very valuable, but it is not agreeable to most persons to have another's fingers constantly on the lips, and if a deaf person does not want to be left entirely alone he must make every effort to avoid being disagreeable to his friends. While I can read Mother's lips without much strain, she, like Father, finds it more convenient to spell to me, except when her hands are too busy to stop to spell. It is then that I gladly resort to lip reading.

My parents continue to be devoted and anxious about my welfare and happiness as they were when I was a helpless child. And the future? Well, my first teacher taught me to enjoy the present and to leave bridgework crossing until I should come to the bridge.

HORTON AND THE UNIVERSITY

BY EDITH L. NEALE

In a marginal notation in my high-school text on the history of English literature were the words 'At Horton.' The reference was to John Milton and those five years after he left Cambridge when 'to the outward view he was all but idle, merely turning over the Greek and Latin classics in a long holiday,' but when 'really he was hard at work preparing himself,' and so on. To a farm girl whose chores were forever in the way of her reading, here was

Utopia. I announced forthwith that some day I was going to have a Horton period. Mother hoped I might. She knew well my pathetic attempts at combining a Horton period with churning and the resultant slowing of the tempo of the old barrel churn.

From high school I went on to the state university. My reading there was good, but not Hortonic in scope. Too many courses cluttered up my days and nights. And it was much the

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Frick, Kathryne Mary
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TITLE

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BORROWER'S NAME

~~5-22-70~~ Frances Koestler

